

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

BY

MRS. J. PILKINGTON.

VOL. I.

MASTERS' POEMS

W. J. BARKINGTON

VOLE

378
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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

BY

MRS. J. PILKINGTON, *(Mary) May*

DEDICATED *K*

BY PERMISSION,

TO HER GRACE

THE DUTCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

1850

Mrs. J. WILKINGTON



DEDICATION.

Goodness, united in one person to high rank
and great power—and of the house of God

TO HER GRACE

THE DUTCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

MADAM,

I Should not venture to usher
into the world the following sheets, were they
not trifles that will derive value from the
protection with which they are honored by
your Grace.

I am ambitious of the opportunity afforded
me of paying my humble tribute to exemplary

DEDICATION.

goodness, united in one person to high rank
and great power,—and of the honor of sub-
scribing myself

Your Grace's

Most respectful

And devoted humble servant,

M. PILKINGTON.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

AN
ADDRESS

TO THE
GENTLEMEN REVIEWERS.

A Suppliant, the humblest that e'er woo'd the Nine,
Submissive bows down, at the foot of your shrine!
With a hand, that is half paralytic by fear,
And an eye that's suffused in timidity's tear;
Expecting a censure, she feels would be just,
Yet placing some little reliance and trust

On those, who refine both their judgment and hearts,
By perfect acquaintance with all lib'ral arts!

Thus fearful, thus trembling, and fainting with fright,
I scarce know what stile would be best to indite;

But, Sirs, with permission, I'll try if I'm able,
Your wrath to avert by a tale, or a fable.—

“ Time was, when the tribe of the quadrupede kind,

“ Devoted their hours to improving their mind;

“ And those who were destin'd by nature to shine

“ Above mediocrity's strait forward line;

“ Whose knowledge or judgment illumin'd their way

“ Like rays, which descend from the orbit of day,

“ In council resolv'd to determine the fate

“ Of all wit and learning that came in their state.

“ The beasts who had long been in habit of writing,

“ Whose pens had the happiest knack at inditing,

As soon as the league was in public recorded,
Protested, the measure they highly applauded—
But those, who could boast of no brilliance of mind,
Most heartily wish'd the society blind;
For when they presented their works for inspection,
They knew all the faults would soon meet with detection.
A spaniel, whom fortune unkindly had shorn
Of comforts, to which the poor thing had been born;
Not knowing what other employment to follow,
Attempted to tread in the path of Apollo;
But when she was told that her work must be seen,
By eyes, which were render'd remarkably keen,
So great was the terror she felt at the news,
That her fears, it is thought, check'd the flights of her

Muse.—

" The critics appriz'd of the state of her mind,
" Humanely resolv'd to be tender and kind;
" With partial inspection, they read o'er her lays,
" And sent her a leaf, from their garland of bays."

ON THE
MORTIFICATIONS

ARISING FROM

A REVERSE OF FORTUNE.

HAD Fortune on my youthful days,

No smiling influence shed;

Or had the lustre of her rays,

Ne'er glitter'd round my head!

Then had I scap'd the poignant smart,

That agitates this breast;

Then had this too proud feeling heart

From poverty been blest!

Then had this independent mind,
With supple notions fraught,
Been taught to bend to every wind
With pliancy of thought.

But gilded skies o'erspread the scene,
And flow'rs bestrew'd the glade;
And ev'ry path was deck'd with green,
O'er which my footsteps stray'd!

Those pleasures which the heart ne'er knew,
Excite no painful sigh;
But those we once have grasp'd, we view
Still with a longing eye!

The dear ideas which arise,
Of pleasures that are fled;
Make the dark clouds which shade the skies,
Hang darker o'er the head!

ON THE
BIRTH-DAY

OF

Mrs. H——

Dec. 19.

WHEN vernal beauties first unite,
And blooming prospects glad our sight,
We hail returning May ;
Though fablest of the monthly train,
May vernal funs illumine the plain
On Charlotte's natal day !

May heart-felt pleasures round her wait,

And may it be her annual fate

To taste increasing joy ;

And may no pensive thought molest

The guileless mansion of her breast,

Her pleasures to destroy !

Domestic comforts are her own,

Those tender joys to me unknown,

Illuminate her way ;

And may she ne'er that light resign,

May Hymen's torch effulgent shine

With an increasing ray !

ON THE
RECOVERY
OF A
YOUNG LADY,
OF SEVEN YEARS OF AGE,

FROM A
DANGEROUS INDISPOSITION.

WHEN the blossoms of spring with delight we
first trace,

New beauties appear in each flow'r ;

And when the sun's lustres again shew their face,

Dispersing a vapour or shower,

We hail their return, with a pleasure more sweet,
Than if we had ne'er known the sky
O'erspread by a cloud, that had darken'd our seat,
By the deep sable hue of its die!

Now health is returning to Fanny's lov'd face,
And roses her cheeks overspread;
We think its return adds a more lively grace,
Than if they had never once fled!

May the roseate hue her young cheek long adorn,
May pleasure a garland now bring,
Of flow'rs that are blooming—unmix'd by the thorn,
To adorn her fair sunshine of spring!

And when to the summer of life she attains,
May the dew then descend to their stalk ;
And cherish the flow'rs that bedeck the soft plains,
O'er which she is destin'd to walk !

MORNING.

A PASTORAL.

BURSTING through its fable cov'ring,

Morn enlivens all the sky,

Glowing beauties round it hov'ring,

Prove Aurora's chariot nigh.

Perch'd upon an Attic spray,

Chanticleer now sounds his horn;

Herald of the blaze of day,

Usher'd by the blush of morn.

O'er the heath the shepherds stray,
Anxious to unpen their fold ;
When the eastern god of day
Tips the distant hills with gold.

View the ploughman, how he measures
O'er the glebe an even pace,
Whistling, as the seed he treasures,
To sustain the human race :
Brooding o'er the heart-felt pleasure,
That attends his humble lot ;
Feeling that his greatest treasure
Centres in his little cot !

O'er the verdant meadow skipping,

Check all flush'd with roseate glow,

See the joyous milkmaid tripping,

Undisturb'd by care and woe.

Now the cow all docile stands,

Lowling near the beechen rail,

While the milkmaid's ruddy hands

Amplify fill the frosted pail.

Now the woodlark soaring high

Warbles through the passing gale;

Whilst the ring-dove's plaintive sigh

Tells its mate a tender tale.

Now the flow'rs fresh sweets exhaling,

Nurtur'd by the dew of morn,

See the active bee regaling,

Breakfasts on the blossom'd thorn,

View the distant prospect glowing,

With the sun's transcendant ray ;

Life and health at once bestowing,

Every new returning day !

NOON.

A PASTORAL.

STRETCH'D beneath the oaken shade,

See the love-sick shepherd lay ;

Distant from the op'ning glade,

That admits the solar ray.

Near yon pure translucent rill,

Hear the sportive lambkins bleat ;

Or reclining on a hill

Panting with the fervid heat.

Now the sun with radiant pow'r,
Sheds his glowing beams of light ;
Whilst the thirsty languid flow'r
Droops until the dew of night.

Not a zephyr's gentle breeze,
Whispers through the sloping vale ;
Not a motion shakes the trees,
Wafted from a western gale.

The cattle from the noontide blaze,
In the lake or nat'ral bower
Seek relief, while Sol's bright rays
Dart their fiercest hottest power.

Now the birds to distant groves,
Perch'd upon a pendant spray,
Warble forth their tender loves,
Shaded from the glare of day.

EVENING.

A PASTORAL.

Now the plaintive bird of night
Sweetly warbles o'er the glade ;
And the sun's refulgent light
Sinks beneath the evening shade.

Still the distant scene is glowing,
Gildèd is the western dale ;
Now mild Zephyr gently blowing,
Wafts us a refreshing gale.

Now the flow'r-enamel'd bed

Blushes with enliven'd hue;

And the lily rears its head,

Water'd by the falling dew.

At the foot of yonder hill,

Colin's whited cottage peeps;

And a soft pellucid rill

At its margin gently creeps.

O'er the meadow now he's pacing,

Grateful for domestic bliss;

View his ruddy children racing,

Eager for the greeting kifs.

Seated in the verdant bow'r,
Now the shepherd owns his love;
Vows that Cupid's mighty pow'r
Shall surpass the constant dove!

Blithsome is the village maiden,
Dancing on the well-trod lawn;
Whilst for her the swain is laden
With the blossom of the thorn.

Breaking over yonder tower,
View the moon's reflected beams;
See its rays illumine the bower,
By its trembling silvery gleams;

Now the traveller benighted
Hails the lustre of its light,
When no longer he's affrighted
By the fable shade of night.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO

MISS T——

WHEN Cynthia's crested form display'd
Her kind effulgent light,
And silver lustres thro' the glade
Had beam'd upon the night !

When fragrant odours fill'd each breeze
Which Zephyr wafts along,
And when the warblers of the trees
Sang forth their evening song !

Then as the beauteous scene I view'd,

A gentle calmness stole,

The rougher passions were subdu'd

That agitate the soul !

Content, the offspring of the sky,

Her kindest influence spread,

And gratitude illum'd my eye,

For blessings on my head !

Then as the various boons I traced

Benevolently given,

My grateful heart thy friendship placed

One of the first from heav'n !

For when affliction's iron pow'r
Affails the troubled breast,
Friendship can gild the fable hour,
And sooth the cares to rest !

And when my bark shall roughly fail
Upon the water's force,
Thy friendship, like a gentle gale,
Shall sweetly smoothe its course.

LINES

WRITTEN

TO A FRIEND,

UPON HER REFUSING TO VISIT THE COUNTRY,
UNTIL SPRING WAS FARTHER ADVANCED.

No more in pensive mood I'll pine,
Tho' Charlotte has refus'd to dine,
And grace her vacant seat ;
Can she prefer the busy throng,
The festive dance, the jocund song,
To friendship's calm retreat ?

When genial suns shall gild the scene,

And vernal beauties deck the green,

She tells me she'll retire ;

Tho' winter's traces still appear,

I'd make it summer all the year,

Around a cheerful fire.

To me all seasons bring delight ;

If Charlotte's presence glads my sight,

I feel myself most blest ;

Not Afric's sun, or Alpine snow,

Could lessen or increase the glow

Of friendship in my breast.

THE
WINTER'S WALK.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

BEHOLD, my fair, where'er we rove,

What dreary prospects round us rise ;

The naked hill, the leafless grove,

The hoary ground, the frowning skies !

Not only through the wasted plain

Stern Winter is thy force confest,

Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,

I feel thy pow'r usurp my breast !

Enliv'ning hope and fond desire

Resign the heart to spleen and care ;

Scarce frighted love maintains his fire,

And rapture saddens to despair !

In groundless hope and causeless fear,

Unhappy man behold thy doom,

Still changing with the changing year,

The slave of sunshine and of gloom !

Tir'd with vain joys and false alarms,

With mental and corporeal strife,

Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,

And screen me from the ills of life !

THE
SPRING WALK.

IN IMITATION OF DR. JOHNSON,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY S— D— ESQ.

AND ADDRESSED TO MISS SELINA T—

BEHOLD, Selina, as we stray,

Enliv'ning prospects glad our eyes ;

The verdant lawn, the blooming May,

The genial sun, the azure skies !

And as the vernal scene I trace,

A semblance to thy form I find,

The blooming beauties of thy face,

Illumin'd by thy cultur'd mind !

Let smiling hope possess thy breast,

And love shall deck thy path with flow'rs,

And fable spleen shall ne'er molest,

Nor care corrode thy peaceful hours !

And as I view the changing year,

Its revolution aptly proves,

That blooming hope and blasted fear

By turns impress the heart that loves !

Now nature's deck'd in all her charms,

And vernal pleasures fill my breast,

Say, will Selina bless these arms,

And on this faithful bosom rest ?

A POETIC EPISTLE

TO

H—E— Esq.

IN REPLY TO ONE, WHEREIN HE STATED THE LITTLE
 PROBABILITY THERE WAS OF HIS FORMING A MATRI-
 MONIAL ENGAGEMENT, AS HE SCREWED UP THE LADIES,
 WITH WHOM HE THEN ASSOCIATED, TO TWO OF THE
 AUTHORESS'S FRIENDS, WHOM HE THOUGHT MODELS
 OF PERFECTION.

A Wife, dear Sir, should never be

From every imperfection free ;

So try and grow a little wiser,

There never was but *one* Eliza.

Nor e'er expect at P—— to find,

Selina's form, and polish'd mind ;

As well might you expect a rill,
Should nimbly mount a neighb'ring hill;
And when the rill had gain'd the mount,
Become at once a playful fount.

Therefore, my friend, discard the *screw*,
And take a wife of motley hue.

Besides if you should wed *perfection*,
Your faults could ne'er escape detection;

Yet Howard, I must now speak true,
And say I think them very *few*.

But was I once to name the *clan*
Of that same creature, call'd a man;

Why then I might be led to *dash*,
And give the tribe a *little lash*;

For they, in truth, delight to vex
Our *unprovoking, gentle sex*;

But most, when they've *secured* a wife,
They then become the *plague* of *life* ;
And should the lady not inherit
Some portion of *true female spirit*,
Alas ! she'll then be kept so humble,
She'll never dare at spouse to grumble.
The subject which is on the table,
Reminds me of a canine fable ;
And as I have not now a better,
I'll give it room within my letter.
“ A snarling cur, whose name was Mizzle,
“ Was wedded to a patient Grizzle ;
“ In constant pleasure he would roam,
“ Whilst his poor wife was left at home.
“ With marrow bones she'd deck the board,
“ In hopes to please her furlly lord ;

- “ But when he came, with savage air
“ He’d treat his ever gentle fair ;
“ And never did poor Placid see
“ The wagging tail express his glee,
“ As he *approach’d*—but always growling,
“ Or making such a dismal howling,
“ As fill’d her with a thousand fears,
“ And made her drop her tail and ears,
“ A friend whom Placid had not seen,
“ Since she a *wedded dame* had been ;
“ Resolv’d to tramp it o’er the plain,
“ And see her once lov’d friend again.
“ This friend, if fame’s report is true,
“ Was what the world would call a *shrew* ;
“ And who shall paint her great surprize,
“ When Placid’s figure met her eyes !

" My dear ! said she, you're grown so thin,

" Your person's merely bone and skin !

" Your eyes which formerly were bright,

" No longer shed a radiant light !

" Why droops my lovely Placid's head ?

" What ! are your spirits also fled ?

" The cause of what I view confess ?

" And let me share my friend's distress !

" Poor Placid heav'd a mournful sigh,

" And lifted up her languid eye ;

" Then told the sorrows of her life,

" From the first day she was a wife.

" The tale had scarcely gain'd its end,

" When thus replied the angry friend ;

" Oh ! had I but the monster here,

" I vow I'd lay his cranium bare !

- “ Oh ! that you never had been married,
“ But in a maiden state had tarried !
“ Yet, if to council you’ll attend,
“ Your troubles, Placid, all will end.
“ Next time that Mizzle makes a growling,
“ Do you set up a *louder howling* ;
“ And should he dare to deal out blows,
“ Return the cuffs upon his nose ;
“ And I’ll be bound your future life
“ Will be devoid of rage and strife.
“ Placid approv’d the new expedient,
“ And promis’d to be quite obedient ;
“ But Juno scarcely was departed,
“ E’er Placid was again faint-hearted ;
“ Her courage by exertion rallied,
“ When home the grumbling hero fallied ;

- " Found fault with *all* his *mate* had *done*,
" And at her head discharg'd a bone,
" Then gave her an enormous *gripe*,
" Which *she* *return'd* upon his *pipe*.
" The gripe he fancied big with death,
" And gasping to regain his breath,
" Tried to disguise his great surprize,
" And check the tears which fill'd his eyes ;
" Then turning to his angry queen,
" *Apologized* for all his *spleen*.
" Vow'd he would never more be snarling,
" And henceforth she should be his darling !—
" His promise Mizzle firmly kept,
" And Placid neither sigh'd or wept."

But now, my friend, pray don't suppose,
I think you'll act like snarling beaus ;

Nor yet believe my fable teaches,
That ladies can become the breeches :
Yet should the men prove very acid,
I'd have the women copy Placid.

THE
WREATH OF FRIENDSHIP,

ADDRESSED

TO MISS T——

WITH SOME ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

THO' ebon/ winter's frigid pow'r
Has chang'd the verdant green ;
Tho' lifeless is the blushing flow'r
That late bedeck'd the green !

Yet these, Eliza, long shall bloom,
And brave the pow'r of time,
Like friendship that outlives the tomb,
And thrives in ev'ry clime !

And may this wreath possess the art,
Our friendship to entwine;
And blossom in Eliza's heart,
As it hath flower'd in mine!

L I N E S

ADDRESSED

TO A FRIEND,

WHO HAD LATELY RECEIVED AN ADDITION TO HER
FORTUNE, FROM HER HUSBAND HAVING TAKEN A
FRENCH EAST-INDIAMAN.

AGAIN, dear Charlotte, now I find

That vacuum you still leave behind,

Once more possess my breast ;

Yet would you but return again,

Soft pleasure should succeed the pain,

And I feel truly blest !

But to employ the vacant time,
I'll offer you in undrest rhyme,
My warm congratulations ;
Tho' tedious is a tale told o'er,
May you derive from India's store,
A thousand sweet sensations !

The pomp, and pageantry, and state,
That occupy the little great,
Thy mind will ne'er pursue ;
'Tis not the glare of outward art,
Can gratify thy gen'rous heart,
Or give delight to you !

Whatever pleasures thine may be,

Mayst thou enjoy them with a glee,

Of pure unmix'd delight ;

And when at some far distant day,

E'en life itself must fade away,

Still be the prospect bright !

L I N E S

ADDRESSED

TO G—— R—— ESQ.

UPON HIS ENQUIRING WHY THE LADIES WERE NEVER
ADORNED WITH A WREATH OF LAUREL.

YOU ask me the reason, why ladies ne'er wear,
The famed wreath of laurel entwined round their hair?
To make this odd circumstance perfectly plain,
The story of Daphne I beg to explain.
" Apollo one day was most strongly inclined,
" Fair Daphne in wedlock's soft fetters to bind;
" And pleaded his passion in lover-like strain,
" But Daphne was cruel, and fled o'er the plain!

- " Yet, grievous to tell, his legs were the longer,
" And the weakest you know, must give way to the
stronger ;
" Poor Daphne beheld him quite close to her heels,
" And a sad palpitation she instantly feels ;
" So great her dislike to becoming his wife,
" That she pray'd to the Gods for an end to her life !
" The Gods, you must know, make all ladies their care,
" And so they attended to poor Daphne's pray'r,
" But thought it was pity to cut off her days,
" And so they converted the nymph into bays,
" And Apollo was struck with the greatest amaze !
" In short had his temper been tinctur'd with sorrel,
" He'd have been in a rage when he look'd at the laurel,
" But no such a churl, I assure you, was he,
" For he shew'd a most tender regard for the tree :

" Yet when he reflected, he could not but vex,

" At being *outwitted* by one of our sex,

" And determin'd to punish the rest of the fair,

" By decreeing that ladies *no* laurel should wear.

LINES

WRITTEN UPON PERUSING

A FABLE BY MR. LOYD.

LOYD likens poets to puff,
 And critics to a candle-snuff—
 Hold! said a critic passing by,
 With scrutiny in either eye!
 Not to a *snuff* were we e'er liken'd,
 But to the snuffers newly brighten'd.—
 To make the simile appear
 To ev'ry comprehension clear;

Should candles into poets turn,
Their rays would ne'er effulgent burn,
Unless the snuffers lent their art,
To amputate the useless part :
For poets are so fond of writing,
They never think that whilst inditing,
Alas ! they often stand in need
Of being told they ought to read.

ADDRESSED TO

MISS T——

UPON HER HAVING OBSERVED THAT THE EVENTS OF LIFE
WERE GOVERNED BY FATE.

ELIZA, since you make it clear,

That *Fate* directs our actions here ;

The critic's arrow now may dart,

Without the pow'r to wound my heart.

As *Fate* ordains that *I* indite,

It matters not the *sense* I write ;

And if at each concluding line,

No one correct idea shine,

Why then the world may haply say,
 How came the blockhead e'er to stray
 So much beyond the beaten way?
 But should you such a question hear,
 At once repel the critic's spear,
 And from my shoulders take a weight,
 By laying all the fault on *Fate*.

A POETIC EPISTLE,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY

MISS E——

TO

CAPTAIN B——

UPON AN ADDITION TO HER SISTER'S FORTUNE.

STRANGE things, my dear captain, have I to relate,
We all of us now are become folks of state!
No more shall we deign to make use of our pattens,
But ride in our coach! all deck'd out in fattins!
You'd scarcely believe, could I possibly tell,
All the raps at the door, and the rings at the bell!
And what all the people expected to see,
Has often astonish'd Maria and me!

At length I found out, that they came to behold
A novel effect from the touch of pure gold ;
And I firmly believe was this sister of mine
As rich as a *nabob*, she'd never *play fine* !
I vow and protest, it quite calls forth my spleen,
To see her put on just as humble a mien,
As if on a plain far remote she'd been bred,
And never been tutor'd to hold up her head.
My friend Lady G—— to my sister declares,
That *riches* should always be follow'd by *airs* ;
But Madam's as firm in her old fashion'd notion,
As a rock which is fix'd in the midst of the ocean.
But as I've been told you are grown a *fine* man,
And have liv'd with a lord in his family clan ;
Would you come to town, and assist me in preaching,
I think we might then gain *some credit* by teaching ;

For when preaching and practice together combine,
Our pupil might surely be taught to *play fine*.
And Maria desires in her name I will say
She wishes you'd come, and partake a soupé,
On the sixth of next month, when we mean to be gay.
Poor * Cymon, I fear, would be sadly offended,
If he was left out, as his manners are mended;
The polish of camps has, I hope, and I trust,
Intirely rub'd off all his clerical rust.
But tell him, no more must he practise his jokes,
On people who vie with the *best of fine folks*.
My Lady Pentweezle, our circle now graces,
Bedeck'd out in fashion exported from braces;
The Duchefs of Dash, and the Countefs of Crambo,
With peers of the realm, and my Lady Fandango.

* A jocular name for the captain's brother, who was a chaplain in the army.

But as I now feel quite a wonderful passion,
To bring all my friends in the circle of fashion,
Tell Cymon, if he has a wish for the town,
I think I can manage to make him go down;
And as parsons you know are an emblem of state,
To sit at the table of those who are great,
If once he can put on a sanctified face,
We'll make him our chaplain, and let him say grace;
In short, my dear captain, I'd much more to tell,
But the postman is rattling that summons, his bell.

TO

MRS. H—

UPON DISCOVERING THAT SHE WAS FIVE YEARS YOUNGER
THAN SHE HAD FANCIED HERSELF.

TIME, dearest mother, many say,
With fleetest steps pursues his way,
O'er meadow, vale, and hill;
But you declare 'tis not the case,
For time no more can run a race,
But, like the sun, stands still!

Long, my dear mother, may you feel,

That time has got a leaden heel,

Which keeps him in a pound ;

And five years hence, still may you find,

That time and age both lag behind,

And neither have gain'd ground.

TO
A YOUNG LADY,

WHO PAINTED BEAUTIFULLY,

BUT APPEARED RATHER VAIN OF THE ART.

THE flow'rs, Lucinda, which I trace,

Will bear a close inspection,

For art to nature gives a grace,

And calls the work Perfection!

Tho' much as I admire thy art,

I'm rather vex'd to spy,

A *self-applause* expand thy heart,

And animate thy eye!

Remember, Ovid tells of old,

A lady * was so callous,

As by perfection to grow *bold*,

And think she outdid Pallas.

In short the goddess she defied,

To weave a web beside her ;

Minerva, in a rage replied,

Henceforth, become a spider,

You oft declare, I love to preach,

And at my preaching grumble ;

And now I mean my tale should teach

Lucinda to be humble.

* Arachne.

LINES

WRITTEN UPON CONTEMPLATING

THE PICTURE OF A FRIEND.

THOU dear resemblance of the face I love,
 I'll view thee often in the pensive hour;
 For peace is emblem'd by the laurel'd dove,
 And thou remind'st me of that gentle pow'r!
 Well may I trace her in that placid smile,
 That kindly beams affection's softest art;
 Well may she seek a breast untinged by guile,
 And chuse her mansion in that gen'rous heart!

Did I possess Lavater's matchless skill,
 My pen with glowing energy would write ;
 This feature should express disgust at ill,
 And truth and honor should in that unite !

Then should I see pure Friendship's gentle pow'r
 Extract the arrow from the barbed part ;
 There should it gild affliction's sable hour,
 And sooth the sorrows of a wounded heart !

There should I see soft Charity's blest mien,
 With dew-drop falling from her azure eye ;
 There should I view her with a form serene,
 As the mild colours of an evening sky !

A POETIC LETTER

TO

MISS T

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

ELIZA, I hear in these high-polish'd times,
 The people all scribble their wishes in rhymes;
 And though I've but little pretence to the art,
 I'll endeavour to offer this wish of my heart;
 Yet alas! my dear friend, no one elegant strain
 Was ever the produce of this hum-drum brain;
 And the stronger the wish on a subject to shine,
 The greater the chance that there's not a good line:

And I'm sadly afraid I shall feel like the Man *,
 Who was ask'd by his friend to enliven a clan,
 By a fally of wit—or an elegant joke—
 Yet when the wit came, alas! he ne'er spoke.
 Tho' language, Eliza, but faintly can say,
 The tender sensation I feel on this day;
 Yet still would I wish on this morning to send
 Some proof of affection to greet my lov'd friend.
 May the sunshine of joy, long illumine thy breast,
 And the fairest of visions attend on thy rest;
 May the daughter of Pæon†, with vest of light blue,
 Long mantle thy cheek with a roseate hue;

* Alluding to a paper in the Rambler, describing the embarrassment of a man of abilities, who knowing himself invited to be of a party for the purpose of enlivening them by his flashes of wit, felt so fearful of making one dull observation, that he was unable to entertain them with one that was bright.

† Hygeia, the goddess of health.

May the Goddess of Friendship for ever impart
 A tender sensation of bliss to thy heart ;
 And her altar fresh blooming, unfading disclose
 A fragrance more sweet than the breath of the rose.
 May the wheel of Dame Fortune effulgent long shine,
 And the brightest of prospects, Eliza, be thine !
 May Hope chuse her mansion within thy lov'd breast,
 And fixing her anchor, sink sweetly to rest.

L I N E S

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY

Mrs. H—S,

ON THE BACK OF A CASE WHICH CONTAINED HER
FAVORITE PARROT.

AH! cruel tyrant! has thy art

For ever closed those eyes in death;

And has thy pond'rous iron dart

Deprived my lovely Poll of breath!

If beauty had the pow'r to save

A victim from thy cruel rage;

My Poll had now escap'd the grave,

And still had chatter'd in her cage!

And when I view the feather'd throng,

To thy lov'd mem'ry I'll be true ;

The gayest plume, the softest song,

Shall ever yield the palm to you !

UPON HER REQUESTING

No other fav'rite shall supply

The vacant corner of my breast ;

Still thy dear form shall meet my eye,

And in a case thy bones shall rest !

You draw my affection with magnetic art,

And so you may feel quite secure of my heart,

I love you, I love you, because I can find

The Nature has lavish'd her charms on your mind ;

I love you, because I'm convinced that your breast

Partakes in the joys of all creatures that live ;

TO

MISS C

UPON HER REQUESTING

A PROMISE OF UNCEASING REGARD.

YOU ask me, Louisa, a promise to give,
 To love you with fondness, as long as I live;
 You draw my affection with magnetic art,
 And so you may feel quite *secure* of my heart.
 I love you, Louisa, because I can find
 That Nature has lavish'd her charms on your mind;
 I love you, because I'm convinc'd that your breast
 Partakes in the pangs of all creatures distress;

That Charity there has long taken its seat,
 And Pity's soft image has found a retreat ;
 That Truth and Good Humour within it reside,
 And all its sensations have some noble guide.

W — P — , Esq.

UPON HIS DECLARING HE SHOULD BE FEARFUL OF
CONTINUING A CORRESPONDENCE WITH A LADY
WHO HAD MOUNTED PEGASUS.

IF you, my dear brother, should writing refuse,
No longer I'd pay humble court to the Muse ;
No more would I sigh for a garland of bays,
To bind round the subjects I form into lays.
I've read, that this poor barren climate ne'er bears,
But two sprigs of laurel in twice fifty years ;
And alas ! I've no hope that Apollo's famed tree
Will adorn such a *bit* of a poet as me ;

Besides, tho' I sometimes on Pegasus rode,
I never yet reach'd the Nine Muses abode;
For when I arrived at the foot of the hill,
My horse at that instant stood perfectly still.
But as I had heard that the famed Grecian spring,
Which teaches a poet in numbers to sing,
First rose from a stroke of Old Peg on the mountain,
Which open'd a passage, and out sprang the fountain,
I tried to provoke him to kick on the ground,
But alas! my dear brother, no fountain I found!
You doubtless will ask then, why I should expose
My Muse to the critical eye of my foes?
But Wisdom itself no cause has assign'd
For the blindness of man to the pow'rs of his mind.
Swift tells us that beasts have a greater pretence
To judgment than man, and give more proofs of sense;

And illustrates the fact, by observing the bear
Ne'er attempted a flight through the regions of air,
But I need not observe, that the famed Irish Dean
Evinced in his Poems, a spice of the spleen ;
He declares that no poet must e'er hope to find
A brother in rhyme, with an eye that is blind.
To prove that his Deanship is subject to railing,
I've just read a poet devoid of this failing ;
For Cooper, when striking Apollo's soft lyre,
Combines human kindness with poetic fire ;
He declares that the man, who makes satire his aim,
Should feel its effect, by receiving its blame.
But at once to descend from the subject of rhyme,
And with poets to take up no more of your time ;
I'll turn to the subject contain'd in your letter,
I mean where you tell me you broke through a * fetter :

* Mrs. P. being from home when a letter arrived, Mr. P. opened, and replied to it.

A fetter ! I think I now hear you exclaim !
For once I'll not quibble with you for a name ;
Yet fetters I'm apt to suppose might be safer,
As I find there's but little dependance on wafer.
The men I now find have a talent at prying,
Tho' ladies have only the credit of spying :
But pray, my dear brother, did you ever hear
Of a woman, whose malice invented an * ear,
The knowledge of secrets, by that to obtain,
And to have a pretence for inflicting of pain ?
Had a lady committed so shocking an act,
The *whole* of the *sex* had been *blam'd* for the *fact* ;
For still the poor women are treated with spleen,
As keen as e'er flow'd from the pen of the Dean !

* Alluding to the tyrant Dionysius, who had a dungeon built in the form of an Ear, that he might overhear the conversation of those who were confined in it.

I firmly believe 'tis a maxim at schools, I think
To teach all the boys to suppose women fools ;
Or surely we should not so frequently find,
The men taking pains to depreciate their mind !
Now to prove that Dame Malice has never been able,
To tincture my mind with one drop of her fable ;
I'll own, that I think Madam Nature was kind,
And in forming a Man she expanded his mind ;
But yet Education so strongly prevails,
That against our poor sex they'll attend to low tales.
If women have some little faults in their mind,
'Twould surely be *noble* sometimes to be blind :
And now I must hope that *you'll* kindly excuse,
All the faults which you'll plainly behold in my Muse !

* Alluding to the tyrant Dionysius, who had a dungeon built in the form of an eye, that he might overlook the conversation of those who were confined in it.

A waging of war between our friend!

Mrs. E——

WHO, AT THE AGE OF SIXTY-TWO, MARRIED A YOUNG
MAN OF TWENTY-FIVE, AND WHO EXPRESSED MANY
FEARS FROM THE SABLE APPEARANCE OF THE ATMO-
SPHERE ON HER WEDDING-DAY.

SUBDUE, my good lady, those fears, and those pains,
Nor make yourself wretched, because a cloud rains;
Reflect for a moment, a torrent of tears
Can never add beauty to sixty-two years;
Besides, the young swain you have chosen to wed,
Would be shock'd, to behold those bright orbs edg'd
with red!

And do not suppose, tho' the thunder should roll,
And the lightning should flash from the pole to the pole;

That the jar in the elements e'er can portend,
A waging of war between you and your friend !
Nor think, when the moon, that is fam'd for its honey,
Is over—he'll *tell you he married for money* !
You say you have heard, when the sun sheds his light,
'Tis a sign that the torch of young Hymen is bright !
Which brightness is meant to express, that the love
Of those who are wedded, is true as the dove !
To prove that some maxims are founded on error,
When Eurydice bound herself tight by a tether,
The torch of his godship emitted no ray,
And a thousand ill omens were seen on that day !
Yet none will be bold enough sure to maintain,
That Eurydice was not belov'd by her swain :
But still should a viper take hold of your toe,
I will not declare that your Orpheus would go
To fetch you again from the regions below !

AN
EXPLANATORY DESCRIPTION

OF THE

WHEEL OF FORTUNE,

ADDRESSED

TO MRS. H—

WOULD you the reason know, good folks,

Why fortune's wheel is full of spokes?

'Tis, that as many people ride,

Each with a place may be supplied;

That all may keep their just gradation,

Nor jostle in each other's station.

You, Charlotte, mount an Attic perch,

Whilst I, alas! am left in lurch;

Yet still I feel a strong desire
To mount the wheel, a little higher ;
But yet no wish have I to ride
On the same perch, close to your side ;
For as we jog the circling race,
With joy I'll yield the *upper place* !
For you have kindly made me feel,
That though you're *mounted* on the wheel,
Still its gradations you'll descend,
To bless me with the name of friend !

EPIGRAM

ON THE ADDITION TO THE FORTUNE OF

A FRIEND. I THEN SAW HOW
WHOSE RESEMBLANCE WAS ALSO WISHED FOR

THO' Fortune has often poor merit neglected,
 And shower'd down her gifts upon men unrespected;
 Now Fortune no longer true worth will despise,
 For the bandage this day was remov'd from her eyes!

EPIGRAM

WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF A PROFILE,
WHICH WAS SENT TO A FRIEND TO HAVE FRAMED,
WHOSE RESEMBLANCE WAS ALSO MUCH WISHED FOR.

SAID Charlotte, one day, I'll endeavour to trace,
In Eliza's profile, the smile of her face;
If smiling delights you, the profile replied,
Give Mary your phiz—and we'll smile side by side.

EPIGRAM

UPON NOT RECEIVING A LETTER AT THE
EXPECTED TIME.

DEAR Charlotte, I'm turn'd to a bubble at last,
That floats in a zephyr, but falls in a blast ;
Then say, will you fan me by friendship's soft breeze?
And then I shall float, for my heart will know ease!

EPIGRAM

UPON THE RECEIPT OF THE LETTER.

THE bubble, dear Charlotte, now floats in the air,
And a soft gentle zephyr has blown away care;
The sunbeams of friendship now gild it with rays,
And the bubble effulgent appears from the blaze!

EPIGRAM

UPON BEING ADVISED BY A FRIEND TO CONQUER
A TOO SUSCEPTIBLE DISPOSITION.

SAID Eliza to Mary, that quick feeling spirit,
Which from father or mother I'm sure you inherit,
Let friendship advise you to try and subdue,
For conquer but it, or 'twill soon conquer you!

EPIGRAM.

REPLY.

AS oil, dear Eliza, when dropp'd on the ocean,
Will check in an instant the waves' roughest motion;
So the oil that's extracted from friendship's soft balm,
The mind of thy friend in a moment can calm!

EPIGRAM

UPON MISS SELINA T—— WEARING A WREATH
OF BLUE ROSES.

SAID Art to Nature, I suppose,
'Tis thought the blooming of the rose,
Selina's blushes might outvie,
And so they chang'd the roses' dye.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

THE roses that adorn'd the fair,
And circled round her flowing hair,
Carnation tints had ne'er supply'd,
Nor glowing colours ever dy'd.

'Tis thought the flow'r dislik'd the test
Of vyeing with Selina's breast,
But as a colour always true,
Desired to masquerade in blue.

EPIGRAM,

ADDRESSED

TO MISS S—— T——

UPON OBSERVING THAT THE AUTHORESS WAS
CIVIL TO ONE SISTER AT THE EXPENCE
OF THE OTHER.

SELINA, my dear, never more make a pother
About kindness to one at expence of another;
Nor ever allow me to fear, or suppose,
You'll forget the soft things that I said of the rose.

EPIGRAM,

ADDRESSED
ADDRESSED

TO MISS T——

COULD I, Eliza, copy thee,

From many pangs I should be free,

That now torment and vex ;

Then say, my friend, the happy art,

Of conquering a wayward heart,

That trifles mayn't perplex ?

EPIGRAM.

REPLY.

MARY, Eliza once petition'd,

That she, by her, might be tuition'd

How to subdue her heart ;

But I would have it known to Mary,

Eliza's never was contrary,

Therefore requir'd no art !

EPIGRAM

UPON RECEIVING THE RESEMBLANCE OF A
FRIEND, WHICH WAS NOT THOUGHT A
FLATTERING LIKENESS.

NO artist, dear Charlotte, could I ever find,
That e'er could depicture the traits of the mind;
And as your's may be view'd in each turn of your face,
No wonder the artist has left out some grace!

EPIGRAMS

UPON THE PLEASURE OF BEING RELIEVED
FROM ACUTE PAIN.

THOUGH Orator Burke in his * Treatise agrees,

That cessation from pain can only be ease ;

Yet I who have suffer'd sharp pain without measure,

Declare that I feel it *superlative pleasure* !

OH, Burke ! had you e'er but for one day been rack'd

With the pang of a bone that was recently crack'd,

Strong arguments then, I am sure, you'd maintain,

To prove 'tis a *pleasure* to get rid of pain.

* Alluding to a passage of Mr. Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful.

EPICRAMS
EPIGRAM

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY

MISS T—

UPON THE AUTHORESS'S HAVING VENTURED TO DIFFER
IN OPINION FROM A WRITER OF EMINENCE.

LONG have I said you were romantic,
But now I think you're grown quite frantic!
Turn'd Critic too!—Well, I declare,
The next thing I expect to hear
Is, that you think that *head* of *thine*,
Might, as an *artist*, chance to shine,
And without any more tuition,
Send * paintings to the Exhibition!

* An art which the writer had only received a few lessons in.

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO MISS T——

UPON HER BROTHER'S RETURN FROM THE WEST INDIES,

IN AN ALARMING STATE OF HEALTH.

No pang, Eliza, e'er can rend

Thy gen'rous feeling heart;

But sympathy would teach thy friend

To bear an equal part!

In all thy griefs I claim a share,

Can friendship's utmost pow'r,

Thy mind one sense of sorrow spare,

Or sooth affliction's hour?

May Hope in radiant smiles be drest,
And check the rising fear,
That would corrode thy gentle breast,
And tremble in a tear !

The glowing sun in blaze of day
Oft bends the rose's head,
When with a vertic scorching ray,
It beams upon its bed !

But nurtur'd by the dews of night,
Again its sweets exhale ;
The pendant flow'r then stands upright,
And scents the passing gale !

May love, with sympathy's blest pow'r,

Then act like heav'n's soft dew ;

And rear again the drooping flow'r

To blossom in your view !

Transported to a temp'rate sky,

Where gentle breezes blow,

The soft illumine of the eye

Shall beam a brighter glow !

But if that breast is doom'd to smart,

If thou *must* suffer care,

May resignation teach thy heart

To rise above despair !

TO

MRS. H——

WITH A MINCED PIE ON CHRISTMAS-DAY.

DEAR mother, I have heard you say,

All should eat pies on Christmas-day,

If they good luck would know;

Then may my pie propitious be,

And banish ill luck far from thee,

And ev'ry sense of woe!

From each ingredient may'st thou find

Some charm that shall inspire thy mind,

With pleasing expectation ;

The plumbs, I hope, will sweeten life,

And prove an antidote to strife,

And every vexation !

The fuet, its component part,

May it prove marrow to thy heart,

And soften every care ;

And may its acid only shew,

That whilst we're station'd here below,

We all must have our share !

But may the spirit have the pow'r
To animate the social hour
With brisk and gay sensation;
And may the spice possess the art
To add new vigour to thy heart,
And lengthen its pulsation!

LINES

WRITTEN UPON PERUSING

MR. KEATE'S ACCOUNT

OF THE

PELEW ISLANDS.

HUME * says, was a man who had circled around
The globe, to declare, that a race he had found
Of mortals, whose minds were so very refin'd,
That envy herself would be forc'd to be blind ;
Such wonderful stories, he drily relates,
Would never gain credit in Englishmen's pates ;

* Hume's Essays, Vol. iii. page 113.

As well might he hope, was he once to declare,
He had seen a centaur flying swift through the air,
The fabulous tale would be thought to be just,
And that people would take all his stories on trust.
Yet in Willson's account of Pelew we are told
Of men, who were form'd in so perfect a mould,
That their conduct emitted so brilliant a light,—
He scarcely could credit his orbits of fight :
Was Hume now alive he might think the tale fiction,
But yet he'd admire Keate's polish of diction !

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO A LADY,

WHO WAS EVER PRONE TO PROFESS FRIENDSHIP, BUT
UTTERLY INCAPABLE OF FEELING THE SENTIMENT.

OH! Stella, had you ne'er been form'd with a tongue,
Or had it not been quite so broad or so long,
It ne'er had been able to compass its end,
Or make me suppose you were form'd for a friend!
Lorenzo, who heard me so moving complain,
Requested my sorrows I'd try to restrain;
Said he, I must tell ye that lady's whole race is,
Like Janus, adorn'd with a couple of faces;

With one they express whatsoever is kind,
With t'other discover the turn of your mind ;
And if o'er your secrets they can but prevail,
They tell their next neighbour the whole of the tale!

L I N E S

ADDRESSED

TO Mrs. H——

THE heart that's weigh'd down by oppression
and woes,

Its sorrows can never express ;

Yet the sympathy drop, which in unison flows,

Seems to lessen the pang of distress !

Though expressions of gratitude ne'er can return

The debt which your friendship can claim ;

Yet still till this heart is inclos'd in an urn,

'Twill expand at the sound of your name !

By fortune depriv'd of the blessing to prove,
All the grateful sensations that flow,
From a breast that owes more to your friendship and love,
Than the mines of Peru could bestow !

Your kindness and friendship this heart has reliev'd,
And has check'd the approach of a sigh,
E'er it sprang from a breast which affliction has griev'd,
And arrested the tear in the eye !

May your breast in return for the joy you bestow,
With sorrow's rough gale never heave,
Nor the tear of distress from your eyelids e'er flow,
Nor your mind have occasion to grieve !

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO A LADY,

WHO, WITH THE WARMEST PROFESSIONS OF AFFECTION,
PRESENTED THE AUTHORESS WITH A LOCK OF HAIR
IN A RING, THOUGH SHE WAS AT THE SAME TIME
INSIDIOUSLY ENDEAVOURING TO UNDERMINE HER IN
THE OPINION OF HER FRIENDS.

OLD Jupiter once was as fly as a fox,
And shut all the evils tight down in a box ;
To Madam Pandora this box then was giv'n,
Who posted to earth from the region of heav'n.—
Another Pandora, I find, has been sent,
To practise her arts with as bad an intent ;

But instead of a box she chuses to bring
Her evils, tight-bound with some hair in a ring;
The hair, which was nearly allied to the brain,
Receiv'd from the *union* the pow'r to give pain;
And imparted a pang so severe to my heart,
I was forc'd to apply to that all-healing art
Call'd friendship, so fam'd for subduing of woes,
And hushing the cares of the breast to repose;
With sympathy's balm, the kind gentle maid,
Attended the summons, and flew to my aid,
She told me Pandora's malevolent pow'r
Would fade like the blossom that blooms in a flow'r:
Said I to the goddess, compare not her mind
To a flow'r that perfumes by its sweetness the wind,
There's *one*, said the goddess, that blooms in the glade,
Which is known by the name of the *deadly nightshade*.

L I N E S

WRITTEN WHILST THE AUTHORESS WAS LABOURING UNDER A VERY PAINFUL ILLNESS, AND A SEVERE MORTIFICATION.

THE humid vapours that now float in air,
The sable curtains that the skies o'erspread,
Seem to invite that chilling fiend, Despair,
And banish Hope far from this aching head!

Oh smiling Goddess of the Anchor, say,
Why art thou now an alien to my breast?
Why am I now depriv'd that glowing ray,
That oft has made me in idea blest?

Though I have bath'd in Mis'ry's ebon stream,

Though oft this heart from poignant grief has bled,

Yet has thy genial animating gleam

Shed its refulgent rays around my head !

But now, alas ! no future prospects rise,

Which flatt'ring fancy decks in gay attire,

My hopes of bliss are center'd in the skies,

When weary nature fainting shall expire !

DISAPPOINTMENT.

NO more shall Hope's delusive art,
With promis'd blifs expand my heart,
Or animate my breast ;
Though deck'd in sweet persuasive smiles,
I'll guard against her treach'rous wiles,
And only wish for rest !

For Disappointment's frigid pow'r
Has nipp'd the bud of Hope's soft flow'r,
Nor suffer'd it to bloom ;

From fond expectance henceforth free,

Now Apathy, I cherish *thee*,

And Hope's false joys entomb !

A stranger to this anxious breast,

How shall I woo thee to invest

A seat to thee unknown ?

Drive from their mansion Hope and Fear,

Discard Affection long sincere,

And make the house thy own !

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE

APPROACH OF WINTER.

NO more is Nature in rich colours drest,
But dreary objects now around appear ;
And well the mansion of this troubled breast
Accords in feeling with the waning year !
The clouds suspended o'er the azure main,
Are deeply tinctur'd with a fable hue ;
The dreary aspect of the leafless plain
Conveys a sombre prospect to the view !

The echoing sound which now attends each breeze,
Laments the absence of soft zephyr's breath ;
No more its murmurs wave the bending trees,
But hollow blasts evince its certain death !

Yet shall this scene so dreary and forlorn,
With rip'ning blossoms and fresh joy appear ;
And Spring return to deck the fragrant thorn,
In all the beauty of the rising year !

But shall a Spring adorn the transient scene
Of fable life, with a fresh wreath of flow'rs ?
Shall the dark plain be deck'd with vernal green,
And pleasure smile on the succeeding hours ?

Yes, vernal prospects shall once more arise,
 And sportive Fancy then adorn the glade ;
 Illume with brilliance these deep-clouded skies,
 And throw a lustre o'er the gloomy shade.

EXPECTATION.

WRITTEN UNDER THE PAINFUL IDEA OF A FRIEND IN
IRELAND BEING DANGEROUSLY ILL, AND THE CON-
STANT EXPECTATION OF RECEIVING LETTERS.

AH! Expectation, child of pain,
Eternal foe to rest;
Why with dark phantoms fill my brain,
Why agonize my breast?
Why thus envelope all my mind,
With a dark fable cloud;
Why ev'ry sense of pleasure bind,
In Fear's destructive shroud?

Oh! Expectation, speed thy flight,

To some less anxious breast ;

For each succeeding day and night

The mansion's more unblest !

Or if thou art resolv'd to stay,

In the forlorn abode ;

Bring Hope, with her enliv'ning ray,

To cheer the dreary road !

Oh! bring her, with her smiles to cheer

A mind that droops with dread,

And let her check the sense of fear,

With which it's overspread !

Of Expectation, speed thy flight,

To some less anxious power;
ON THE

BIRTH-DAY

OF
A YOUNG LADY,

WHO ENTERED ON HER SIXTEENTH YEAR ON THE
THIRD OF MARCH.

THE herald of the Spring appears,

In Winter's fable hue;

And scarce the timid snow-drop rears

Its head to meet the view!

But may thy spring of life be crown'd,

With every vernal joy,

And may no chilling blast be found,

Thy pleasures to destroy!

And as on life's tempestuous sea,

My dear Louisa fails,

May ev'ry Zephyrus breeze agree,

To waft her gentle gales !

May soft Content, with placid eye,

And flowing azure vest ;

Leave her lov'd mansion in the sky,

And dwell within her breast !

May Fortune, with a store of wealth,

A tide of joy bespeak ;

And may the roseate goddess Health,

Long mantle on her cheek !

May Friendship's animating beams

Long shed a genial ray,

And by the radiance of its gleams

Illumine all her way!

May Pleasure in her airy round,

With flow'rs her path adorn;

And may the rose for once be found

Without its usual thorn!

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO FORTUNE.

TOSS'D by the adverse storms of Fate,

And crush'd by Fortune's wheel ;

The heart that sighs not to be *great*,

Has greatly learnt to feel !

And as it feels the chilling wind,

Beneath its rage it bends,

And finds the vigour of the mind

On Fortune's smiles depends !

Would she but deign one smile to shed,
To cheer the dreary way,
And spread her lustres o'er my head,
Or tinge it with her ray;

In Lethe's stream my cares should lave,
My little bark should sail
Upon the dear forgetful wave,
And I would Fortune hail!

I merely ask a spot of ground,
With humble cottage seat,
Where Peace and soft Content are found
To grace the calm retreat!

If I've sufficient to supply

The daily wants I need,

And power to sooth Affliction's sigh,

This will be bliss indeed !

That bliss this heart is form'd to feel,

For minds oppress'd by care,

If sorrow is too deep to heal,

By sympathy they share !

L I N E S

ADDRESSED

TO CAPTAIN RIOU,

UPON HEARING THE ACCOUNT OF HIS MAGNANIMOUS
CONDUCT, WHEN COMMANDER OF THE GUARDIAN.

IF recording of deeds which transcendentally glow,
And exceed all the limits of praise,
A portion of Fame had the power to bestow,
I then might aspire to the bays;
Might expect from the garland thy temple entwines,
To receive a few leaves as a boon;
For the sun's brilliant ray which effulgently shines,
At night may be traced in the moon.

If coolness of courage, collection of mind,

Deserve to be graced with renown,

Thy name in the annals of Fame we shall find,

Attended by Honor's bright crown!

In ages to come thy exploits shall be told,

And Astonishment lend them her ear;

For the feats which were practis'd by heroes of old,

When compar'd—will but trifling appear!

They'll be told, when Despair had depress'd the whole crew,

And Destruction had lurk'd in the wave,

When Fear's frighten'd form her loud trumpet first blew,

And sounded a knell to the grave!

That sound which appall'd other spirits with dread,
Thy courage seem'd more to inspire ;
And the mountains of ice which the ocean o'erspread,
Augmented the glow of thy fire !

They'll be told, that the moon in succession had wan'd,
And twice had her horn been supplied,
Ere the danger decreas'd, or the vessel had gain'd
An ascendancy over the tide !

They'll be told, that thy conduct was gilded with praise,
That *applause* all thy actions has crown'd,
That thy temples are circled by garlands of bays,
And thy name—amidst heroes is found !

EDWARD AND ELVIRA.

A TALE.

WHERE Avon winds its flowing tide,
Elvira's beauties grew,
And where its waters gently glide,
Her earliest breath she drew !
The op'ning beauties of the morn
Could not with her compare ;
The lily, or the blossom'd thorn,
Were never half so fair !

The virtues that in her repos'd,
 Were more refulgent bright,
 Than when the Cynthian queen disclos'd
 The lustres of her light.

A TALE

Near to Elvira's natal seat,
 A stately mansion rose,
 Alcander own'd the grand retreat,
 And there would oft repose.

And there he saw the beauteous rose
 Adorn her father's bower ;
 He saw—and lost his calm repose,
 For love usurp'd a power.

The fly, or the blossom's horn,

Was never half so vain !

The virtues that improve our race,

Alcander never knew;

But ev'ry vice that could disgrace,

Within his bosom grew

Too well he saw Alphonso's heart

By av'rice was confin'd;

And so he chose by subtle art,

To win his fardid mind!

I know, said he, the blooming fair

My offers will decline;

But if her father's praise I share,

She must, she shall be mine!

Now to her father I'll repair,
And feed his well-known pride;
And ask him to bestow the fair,
To be my blooming bride.

" Let not (said he) thy lovely maid,
" With charms I think divine,
" Confine those beauties to a shade,
" Which ought in courts to shine!

" No dow'r I ask for such a prize,
" But will a fortune give;
" Then let thy daughter bless these eyes,
" For her alone I live!

Caught in the gilded treach'rous bait,

The father thus replied,

" To thee I join Elvira's fate,

" And she shall be thy bride !"

Yet well he knew the gentle breast,

Where purity resides,

By Edward's image was imprest,

Where ev'ry thought it guides.

Edward, not born to pomp and state,

Nor deck'd by Fortune's crown,

Possess'd a heart that would be great

In annals of renown !

Said Edward, "When this humble name,

"My martial deeds shall raise;

"And when the cheering voice of Fame

"Shall deck these brows with bays,

"Then shall my lov'd Elvira's praise,

"More joy than honor give;

"And then my hopes I'll fondly raise,

"That she for me will live."

At length the trumpet's founding voice

Call'd Edward to depart;

He fought the object of his choice,

And clasp'd her to his heart!

The cheerful trumpet's martial sound
 Call'd forth Elvira's fears,
 And Edward saw the mourner drown'd
 In agonizing tears !

Said he, " Elvira, I confess,
 " The greatest ills I'd bear,
 " To spare thy breast the least distress,
 " Or shield thy mind from care !

" But oh ! subdue the anxious fear,
 " Which Fancy's form supplies ;
 " Nor let the soft pellucid tear,
 " Bedew those lovely eyes !

" Soon, my Elvira, we shall meet,
" Thy Edward crown'd with bays,
" Shall lay the laurels at thy feet,
" And cheer thy future days !"

The silver moon's reflected light
Had thrice illum'd the skies
Since Edward had engag'd in fight
To gain the glorious prize,

When first Alcander's well-judg'd art,
Young Edward's claim outweigh'd ;
And when Alphonso's iron heart
Agreed to sell the maid !

Alphonso fought the verdant bow'rs,

Where Innocence and Truth

Had form'd a wreath of laurel flow'rs

To crown her fav'rite youth!

" Will not (said she) my father share

" The joy that gilds this breast?

" The Gods have made True Worth their care,

" And his Elvira's blest!

" My absent Love will soon be here,

" And ev'ry care assuage,

" My Edward, in his bright career,

" The Hector of this age!"

" Elvira, I much disapprove

" That wreath," Alphonso cried ;

" Alcander now must be thy love,

" And thou his grateful bride ;

" Transported to a diff'rent scene,

" My child in courts shall shine,

" Resplendent, as Britannia's queen,

" And ev'ry bliss be thine ;

" But as to Edward, should bright Fame

" With wreaths his temples bind ;

" Yet I declare Elvira's name

" To his shall ne'er be join'd !"

But who Elvira's grief shall speak,

Describe the rising sigh,

Or paint the lily on her cheek,

That chased the rose's dye!

Then lowly bending on her knee,

"If e'er thy child was dear;

"Revoke the fatal dread decree,

"That fills her soul with fear!

"The vows which were to Edward giv'n,

"My much-lov'd fire approv'd;

"Such vows are register'd in Heav'n,

"And cannot be absolv'd!"

" Now hear the purpose of my breast,

" And mark thy father's will,

" Before to-morrow's sun shall rest,

" Beneath the rising hill,

" The Fates that rule Elvira's life,

" United shall conspire,

" To fix her as Alcander's wife,

" And light the nuptial fire !"

He said, but ah ! the speech was vain,

And scarce had reach'd her ear ;

When madness struck her tortur'd brain,

Drest in the form of Fear !

Instant she rose, and with a flight,

Swift as a courser, flew;

And darting from Alphonso's fight,

Escap'd his wond'ring view!

Alarm and horror fill'd his breast,

And piercing through a shade,

Elvira's image stood confest,

Upon an open glade!

Stood and contemplated the tide,

Which at its margin flow'd;

Then to her Edward fondly sigh'd,

And then pursued the road:

Scarce had she measur'd half a mile,

When with a frantic rave!

"I find," said she, "my Edward's isle"

"Lies buried in this wave!"

"I come, my love, oh Edward save!"

Then with a fatal leap,

Elvira found an early grave,

And everlasting sleep!

L I N E S

ADDRESSED

To Mrs. W——

IN REPLY TO A LETTER WHICH PROFESSED THE INSENSIBILITY OF HER HEART TO ALL

EARTHLY HAPPINESS.

COULD the oil that's extracted from sympathy's balm,

Affuage all the pangs of thy breast ;

Or had it the pow'r all thy sorrows to calm,

To a gentle sensation of rest ;

The *wounds* of thy heart with the *balm* I would close,

And *envelope* thy *griefs* in a shroud ;

Thy breast should become one soft scene of *repose*,

And the sun should disperse ev'ry cloud !

But alas ! I much fear that soft sympathy's pow'r,

No *such solace* is destin'd to bring ;

Yet daily remember December's dark hour

Is forgot in the morning of spring !

Remember, my friend, that the tempest which blows,

And the waves that tremendously roar ;

In a few fleeting hours all their fury disclose,

And a zephyr then breathes on the shore !

The Spring of thy life was one soft gentle gale,

Tho' a storm has defac'd the fair scene

Of Summer—I trust that the face of the vale

Will in *Autumn* be verdantly green !

And thy breast then become the *fix'd mansion* of joy,

And *sorrow* no longer remain,

The tender sensation of *bliss* to *destroy*,

That's been render'd *more perfect* by pain.

AN
INVOCATION

TO
SLEEP.

THOU sweet affuager of all pain,
Extend thy soft composing reign,
And sooth this weary head ;
Shed thy Lethenean vapour round,
And as it rises from the ground,
Each troubled thought o'erspread !

Compose this poignant sense of care,

And let me breathe a drowsy air,

And sink in ease to rest ;

With poppy bands my temples bind,

And so destroy this feeling mind,

And far too anxious breast !

The Theban balsam hither bring,

Point out some plant or well-known spring,

That can all grief destroy ;

That when the sable gloom of night

Shall throw a veil—and shade the light,

I then may taste of joy !

Then may *ideal comforts* find,
When fairest visions fill my mind,
And Fancy decks each scene,
With garlands made of choicest flow'rs,
That sprang from amaranthine bow'rs,
That then adorn each green !

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.